

pride and enjoyment creeping into their hearts. Everybody loved Trumps, for he loved everybody and everything; but next to his papa, mamma and uncle, Trumps loved Fiddlesticks. Fiddlesticks was Trumps' cat.

On his fifth birthday Trumps' Uncle Archie came into the nursery holding his hand to his pocket, and after he had given Trumps his five kisses he took it away and there was the sweetest, fuzziest little gray kitten peeping out of the pocket, and this was "Madame Fiddle." Fiddle was a much more obliging companion than Nursie, she was never too tired for a game of romps. Trumps never teased her as some little boys do their pussies, but he talked to her a great deal and showed her all his pictures. When he was tired playing he liked to lie on the rug and watch Fiddle's eyes. He thought she could speak if she wanted to, like a fairy-book cat. He had had Fiddle almost a year when one morning, whilst he was still in bed, Nursie came in with a basket.

"Guess what I have, Master Andrew," she said, but Trumps couldn't guess. Then Nursie lifted up the cover, and Trumps saw Fiddle and three "teenty" kitties.

"O Nursie!" he screamed, "do dress me! Can they drink milk?"

"Not yet, Master Andrew," said Nursie; "but how can I dress you if you jump about like that?"

But finally Trumps was dressed. That was an exciting day! first Trump examined the kitties; one was gray like Fiddle, one was all white but its feet, and they were gray, and the other was pure white.

Trumps had a deep consultation with his mother that evening, and they named the kitties Duster, Moccasin and Snowball. At first Trumps was a little disappointed when he found the kitties couldn't play like Fiddle, but only "stuck" their nails into one's coat and clung there crying "mee-iow" in a "teenty-weenty voice like the little bear." Besides their eyes were quite shut so that you couldn't see what color they were, and that was disappointing, even though Nurse said they would open by-and-by.